

O, the Diuell take such coozeners, God forgine me,
Good ynkle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottissh Prisoners.
Deliuert them vp without their rancome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, bee assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belon'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Torke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Brisson* the Lord *Scrope*?
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might bee, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,
And onely staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoore, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Torke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimed,

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raysing of a head:
For, beare our selues as euē as wee can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke wee thinke our selues vsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does: hee does; wee

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No
Then I by Letters shall direct you
When time is ripe, which will be
He scale to *Glendower*, and loe,
Where you and *Douglas*, and o
As I will fashion it, shall happily
To beare our fortunes in our own
Which now wee hold at much v

Nor. Farewell, good brother, w

Hot. Ynkle, adue: O let the
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groue

Enter a Carrier with a L

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not f
Charles-maine is ouer the new C
packt. What *Ostler*?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cut
the point, poore lade is wrung in t

Enter another

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as d
is the next way to giue poore lade
ned vpside downe since *Robin* O

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer i
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to bee th
London road for Fleas, I am stung li

1. Car. Like a Tench? by th
christen could be better bit, then I

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs
leake in your Chimney, and your
like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Ostler*, come away

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Baco
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing*

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkie
ned: what *Ostler*? a plague on t
thy head? canst not heare, and